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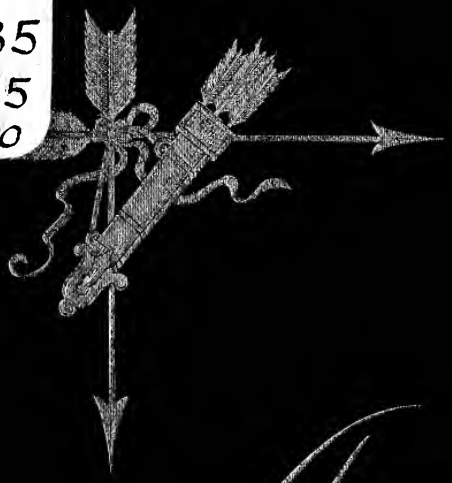
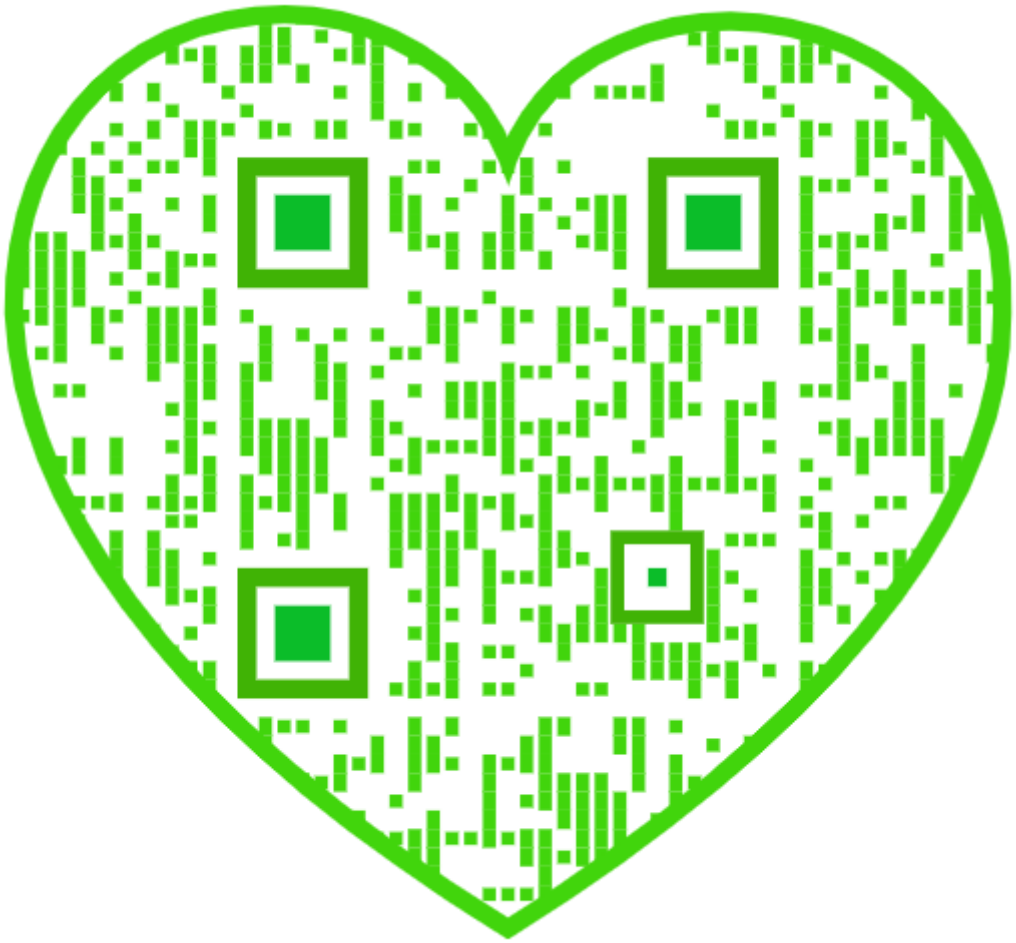
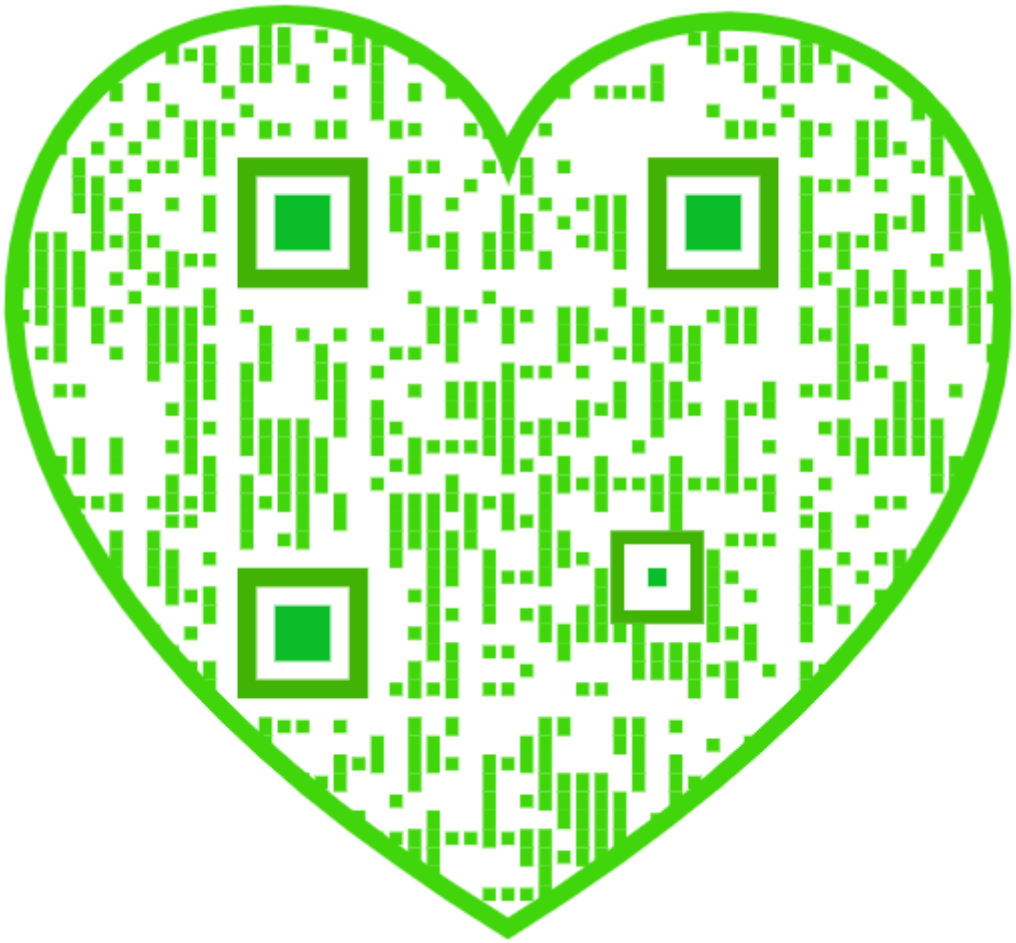


Arrows

Addison Ballard





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ARROWS

OR

THE TRUE AIM IN TEACHING AND STUDY

BY

ADDISON BALLARD, D.D

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND RHETORIC IN LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

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THE substance of three Addresses is here given, with the thought that others besides those to whom they were first delivered may find in them also something in the way of both agreeable and profitable suggestion.

A. B.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE,
May 1, 1890.

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TO

MY PUPILS

OF

EARLIER AND LATER YEARS

THE ARROW.

THE ARROW.

In his "Song of Ascents" the wisest ruler of his own or of any time gives us what may be taken as an apt symbol of an ideally-perfect education:

"As Arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth."

The rude club is no mean weapon, as "when Van Amburgh with one in his hand compels a tiger's ferocity to submit to his will." But

rive this ungainly club into square sticks. Let the square stick be rounded, smoothed, headed, and feathered. Its effectiveness is now incalculably increased. The maximum of energy is attained by this union of strength and beauty, of firmness and grace, of tough fiber and fine finish.

1. The mind must be made to grow evenly and in proportion. That is rounding and smoothing the arrow. It must be armed with courage and decision. That is heading the arrow. It must be guided by unerring principle. And that is feathering the arrow. This trinity of training is needed to make a perfect arrow, or a perfect man.

2. The barb and feather may be right, but the arrow-stem, though strong, may be ill-proportioned and clumsy. This makes an excellent weapon, and in the "hand of a mighty man" does good and brave work. This is the self-made man with whom force and purity of purpose make up largely for the lack of the culture of the schools. It is something to have accomplishments, but it is more to accomplish. The glory of a "self-made" man is not that he is self-made, but that he is *made.*

3. Again, the arrow may be symmetrical, highly polished and well-feathered, but may have a weak head. This is the man of ability, culture, and good intentions, but without

earnestness of purpose and strength of will. He either sinks shattered, or flies disheartened at the first onset of error or wrong. Instead of splitting the head of the foe, the arrow's own head is split and spoilt; the pitiful spectacle of superior goodness quailing before the frowning front of falsehood, knavery, or injustice.

4. Or, once more, the arrow may be straight, smooth, and well-headed, but without a feather. Then you are not at all sure of the trueness of its flight. It is more likely to miss than to hit the mark. This is the man of well-trained intellect, polished manners, and force of will, but without uprightness of principle. He is the man whom you can not trust. He

veers this way or that, according to the preponderating motive of self-interest. True principle holds this oblique tendency continually in check, causing the whole man with the full momentum of his finely disciplined powers to revolve unvaryingly about the immovable axis of right.

None are more to be honored and envied than those who in the home, school, church, seminary, or college, have in their hands the training of youth, ready at the fit moment to be launched forth on the world's broad and hotly-contested battle-field. "Happy the man who has his quiver full of them." Happy the teacher whose fidelity and skill draw crowds of ingenuous youth to his presence, who

has had hundreds, it may be thousands, shaped by his wise and loving hands to stand as faithful sentinels on perilous outposts of duty, to guard the intrenchments of truth, to face error on the open field, or to plan for new and more effective assault.

It is a striking coincidence that, answering exactly to the beautiful simile of the Jewish king, there is found among the Chinese the no doubt earlier saying that, "When a son is born into a house, a bow and arrow are hung before the door."

Prudent people of the world are sometimes heard to express wonder that men who might "do so much better" in business or in other professions should be contented with the

small and often insignificant returns they receive as pastors and teachers. These worldly-wise objectors remind us of the good King Alfred's hostess in the peasant's hut, who upbraided the king for not attending to the cakes which she had left him to turn. And what was the explanation of the king's neglect?

It was that he was fashioning his arrows for another and more determined battle with the Danes, those insolent attackers from beyond the sea of his beloved England, and of his own rightful but disputed throne.

It was that his thoughts were busy, just then, with something more important than cakes.

I.

THE OUTFIT.

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THE OUTFIT.

In order to do, we must have something to do with; something external to our purpose, and at the same time adapted to its accomplishment. These two ideas of externality and adaptability give us the word "outfit." As coming between the two extremes of purpose and accomplishment, they give us the word "means."

Other things being equal, the best work will be done by those having

the best means for doing it; the best furrowing by the best plow, the best weaving by the best loom, the best sailing by the best boat.

In nature it is because the outfits fit so exactly, that the results are so uniformly perfect. It is because the beaver has so complete a dam-building outfit that he succeeds so perfectly in building his dam, the nautilus with keel and canvas that he succeeds so admirably in sailing, and the spider with her spinnerets and bag of liquid silk that she takes hold so deftly with her hands and succeeds so defiantly in getting "into the king's palace."

It follows from this that improvement in outfit may be taken as the measure of improvement in product.

The ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron mark the steps in this advance, and the tool-maker has the honor of naming his epoch. What could the journalist of the day do without his improved power-press, the biologist without his microscope, the astronomer without his diffraction-plate and speculum, the admiral without his plated ship? It is in armories and gun-foundries that battles are lost or won. It was in the ship-yard that the Puritan beat the Genesta. The needle-gun conquered Austria at Sadowa and consolidated Germany.

The better outfit gives a costly and irritating backset to its sleepy and outrun rival. The laggard loom is the ruin of the belated mill. Noth-

ing ages so quickly as bewildered inferiority of equipment. No such capacious limbo, outside of Milton's, as that into which outdone machines and methods are unpityingly cast. Set thrones, if you will, for the great discoverers, naval and military commanders, projectors of vast lines of transportation and travel, and architects of noble buildings. But beside them set other thrones for the instrument-makers, the handicraftsmen, the mechanics, without whose exact and patient toil the former had not been able to achieve either their success or their renown.

When Solomon, so runs the Jewish legend, had completed the great Temple, he prepared a luxurious ban-

quet to which he invited the artificers who had been employed in its construction. But upon unveiling the throne, it was seen that a stalwart smith with his huge sledge had usurped the place of honor at the right of the King's seat; whereupon the people made an outcry, and the guards rushed in to cut the intruder down. "Hold, let him speak," commanded Solomon, "and explain to us, if he can, his great presumption."

"O King," answered the smith, "thou hast invited to the banquet all the craftsmen but me. Yet how could these builders have reared the Temple without the tools which I fashioned?"

"True," exclaimed the King, "the

seat is his by right. Let all pay honor to the iron-worker."

What is true of the trades and of the arts is equally true of the professions. The best professional work is done, other things being equal, by those who have the best professional outfit. The intellect is but an instrument. And as the best mechanical and artistic results come by use of best tools, so the best law-making and law-administering, the best medical practicing, the best journalizing, preaching, and teaching, is done by those whose mental capabilities are best fitted by the best training for these high and honorable tasks. How may such an intellectual equipment be secured?

If you wish for a set of drawing or surgical instruments, you have but to order them of the manufacturer, and he sends them to you ready made. *You* have no hand in the making of them. The instruments have no hand in shaping themselves, nor choice as to the place where they shall be made. The ore has nothing to do with getting itself dug out of the mine, nor the steel in getting itself fashioned into the blade, nor the blade in getting itself tempered and ground to a cutting edge. The quality of the instrument depends not at all on the will or skill of the purchaser, but wholly on the skill, patience, and fidelity of the instrument-maker.

Mind can get itself shaped and sharpened after no such ready-made fashion. No mental power is trained to purpose by mere receptivity. A sun-glass has a certain heating quality dependent on the quality of the glass and the convexity of its sides. It is powerless to increase its own heating capability. One fair and full test, and you have tested your lens once for all. Hold it steadily under a clear sun. If it fuse the metal or ignite the wood, well and good. If not, that is the end. Repetition of trial imparts no new igniting or fusing energy.

Direct your mind to a subject, *its* effectiveness grows with each exertion. Fix your thought steadily on

the algebraic problem, or theorem in Calculus, or hard passage in Latin or Greek, or abstruse point in mental or moral philosophy, or on the theme which you have selected for your next essay, treatise, or oration, but which utterly refuses as yet to get itself into any orderly arrangement of ideas. You fix your thought, but nothing comes; nothing gives away. The chip does not even smoke. The bit of lead gives no sign of surrender. But you by no means give up as you gave up with your once tested and insufficient lens. You focus your thought again on precisely the same problem, theorem, or theme; possibly with no better apparent success. Yet at each trial

your mental burning-glass has grown a little stronger, until when perhaps you were least expecting so delightful a surprise, the bright focal spot bursts all at once into a flame, or the hitherto stubborn ingot melts. Then you are ready, and only in this way can you be ready, for a harder problem, for a more intricate theorem, for a more profound speculation, for the analysis of a more involved theme; until nothing, at length, can resist the concentrated heat, unfused and unresolved.

There is this advantage in having done our best, that if the matter be still obscure, a mere hint from another suffices to make it clear. When Judge Story was a member

of the Massachusetts Legislature, one point in a pending bill he was unable, after having given to it his best thought, to elucidate. "It occurred to me," he says, "to call on my friend, Mr. Webster, and ask him to help me. I stated my difficulty. After pacing the floor for a few minutes he said, 'It is this way, is it not?' A sentence or two was enough." Story had already made his own thought-solution so strong that a touch only of the master's hand was enough to make the reluctant crystals shoot.

This will serve to illustrate the true idea in teaching. The truest teaching consists in getting the learner to do his best on the assigned

task, and if he then fails, but only then, in helping him out.

It is by faithfully performing the tasks assigned him in the studies of his Course that the student trains himself thus to penetrate, resolve, combine, and develop. In a mind so disciplined its possessor has an instrument of almost universal potency. This is the general outfit, to be supplemented by such special preparation as may be suited to each one's special work in life. The liberal training has already given fitness to master the problems in any one of the many waiting spheres; in business, finance, statesmanship, law, medicine, theology, sociology, or science. You have by your broad

and free culture developed a strong *brace* into the grip of whose stout jaws you can fix any one of a score of *bits*, and by the sweep of whose powerful arm you can drive, or ream, or bore, as you will. The leverage of your freely-revolving brace is the liberal education lying back of the technical or professional bit, and giving to that its greatest efficiency and proudest triumph. Your merely technical man is a bit without the brace. The pugilist whose aim is to deliver the most telling blow with his clenched fist would deliver but a comparatively feeble blow, were he to develop only the muscles of his arm. Instead of that, he puts into training his whole physique from top to toe.

Then into his clenched hand goes the accumulated might of his entire and symmetrically developed body.

But in order to this ripe and well-rounded mental development is not the time spent in the Preparatory School and in the College unnecessarily long? May not the Classics be dropped, and with them philosophy and a good part of the mathematics, and studies having a more direct bearing on the life-work of the student be put in their place? Why take still the same old tedious route to the Indies, now that the Suez Canal is bracketed in the newer catalogues of commerce as an easy-going "elective" with the Cape?

That will do certainly, provided you

can *carry* a man through college as a bale of cotton is carried half around the world in the hold, or as a passenger is carried in the cabin.

Given a finished ship, and the pilot may find, if he can, a short and easy course. But how is your finished ship to be had? It is made to order throughout, from stem to stern. It is not only begun on the stocks, but it stands *stock-still* till it is finished—made wholly what it is by forge and foundry, by adze, plane, saw, and sledge. But if only the miniature model of a ship, it be pushed out into the water, and if it can grow to be a strong and perfect ship only by sailing, then it must sail longer, and must longer feel the buffet of wind and wave.

The question of the multiplication of "electives," especially in the earlier part of the college course, resolves itself, then, into the question of a fuller or more slender outfit. If the student and his friends are not particular about that, they need not be about the studies of the course. My own conviction is that what is most needed in our schools and colleges is not a larger proportion of "elective studies," but a larger proportion of *students* who shall *elect to study!*

II.

TEACHING, A FINE ART.

II.

TEACHING, A FINE ART.

I. Four things are necessary to constitute any occupation an art.

1. Art implies some want, physical or mental, real or imaginary, to be met; some demand of necessity, comfort, or luxury, to be supplied. As springing from desire, it is opposed to indifference. As striving to gratify desire, it is opposed to indolence. As working toward a clearly-defined object, it is opposed to mere business

or occupation. It is not effort in the dark or at random. If teaching be an art, it has a definite end.

2. But aiming at, or even securing, a desired result does not of itself constitute art. You may get what you want by one trial, but not by another. A dairy-woman put ice in her cream in July, and the butter, she said, "came beautifully." She tried the same thing in August, and the butter did not come at all. Plainly she had not mastered the art of butter-making. Art is uniform method reaching uniform result. It implies that what has been done once can be done again in the same way. And this implies that it can be taught and learned. You can not merely do the thing, you

can tell others how it is done. Every art has, therefore, or may have its manuals, institutes, teachers, and models.

Exalting experiment to the rank of art is quackery. The quack imagines that because one thing has followed another once or twice, it must always so follow. If he fails, he introduces the idea of luck. But his success is, in truth, as much a matter of luck as his failure. Now, art is opposed to both empiricism and luck. It is reliable. It does not break down unaccountably in its calculations. If teaching be an art, the teacher is no quack. It is not a matter of chance whether he teaches well or not.

3. It is charactertisic of art that it

is founded on and embodies science. There is a reason for its processes, a philosophy in its results. Its methods are not blind, arbitrary, mysterious. There is in them a nice adaptation of means to the end; the means being in exact accordance with the nature of the materials and forces employed. It is true that a thing may be done well and yet done by men who can give no reason for their methods. "Explain to me the principle of the water-wheel you make here," I once said to the foreman of a large factory. He replied: "I employ eighty men, and not one of them can tell any thing about the principle on which the wheel is constructed. I can not tell, nor could the inventor

himself tell." It was of another excellent wheel, invented by an unscientific man, that a learned scientist said: "It goes, but it oughtn't to!" Farmers of olden times did many things as well as we, although they knew nothing of the philosophy of their farming. The "Georgics" of Virgil's unscientific time may be studied to advantage by the farmers of to-day.

For thousands of years art made progress through experiment alone. All her maxims and formulas were the steady accretions of patient but unintelligent trial. If a certain way of doing a thing was found to work well, that was enough. But it is not enough for us. We wish to know

not only how a thing is done, but why it is so done. And we are not satisfied until we do know. Now, the farmer wants to know why lime is good for wheat, and the intelligent housewife wants to know why it is that yeast makes her bread to rise. What but the science of chemistry can tell whether the butter came in July on account of the ice or in spite of it?

4. But on what does science itself depend? This brings us to that which is fundamental in art; and that is, uniformity in the nature of the materials with which she works, and uniformity in the operation of natural forces and agents. It is because collodion is always collodion, and

because light is always light, that photography is an art.

Art, then, is uniform method securing uniform result; and this uniformity of method and result depends on the invariable qualities of those substances and forces with which art has to do.

Let us apply these tests to teaching.

And, first, has the teacher in view any clearly-ascertained, distinctly-comprehended, well-defined end?

Here are two infants that give scarcely any sign beyond the signs of mere animal existence; their mental powers undiscoverable by even the keenest observation; in such delicate miniature are they traced and infolded. But fifty years pass, and

we see Milton pluming his mighty wing,

> To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
> Where seraphs gather immortality.

We see Newton standing like a colossal angel with his head among the stars, taking in at a glance the illimitable sweep of worlds with all their variety and intricacy of movement, striking the balance of perturbations of cycles in duration and reading the laws of change and permanence as though they were but the alphabet of the heavens. All this is but an expansion of what was at first small and weak. This is the province and proof of wise educational training. Not that all can by the wisest and best training be made Miltons or

Newtons. It was a mistaken and misleading modesty which led Newton to say that "patient thought" was all that made the difference between him and other men. It was not "patient thinking" alone that made Newton what he was. It was *Newton* thinking patiently. We need not, however, be Miltons and Newtons in order that we may be very happy and very useful. We are simply to use faithfully the talents God has entrusted to *us*. And this right and full development is the primary object of education.

I know that this view is objected to by some who call it the selfish theory, making all a man's efforts center in himself, to see how wise

and strong and superior he can become. With these objectors education means, not the "drawing out" of the mind's powers, but the "leading of them forth" to the practical duties and utilities of life. I say so too, only I would combine the etymologies. The powers must first be "drawn out" that you may have powers to "lead forth." It may be "more blessed to give than to receive," but we must receive before we can give. We are incredulous of the wonders of precocity. The story of the infant Hercules strangling the snake in his cradle is not history, but mythology.

The teacher who does not see clearly whither his teaching is tending

is not an artist. If any thing good or great comes from his teaching, it is no thanks to him. He is innocent of intending any thing great, and will be as much surprised as anybody should such a result follow. As a boy will whittle away with nothing in his head he wishes to make or thinks of making, but comes to you, by and by, to admire the very ambiguous horse he has, as he thinks, ingeniously carved, so many a toiling teacher hopes that some good will, in some way or other, come from his wearisome daily routine of duty. But what that good is, precisely, he does not know. With him teaching is simply occupation; a going through the formalities of the class-room, for

doing which with a tolerable degree of regularity he gets so much pay.

But does teaching meet the second requisite of art? Is there any fixed, reliable, uniform way of calling out by exercise and discipline, so as to strengthen and mature harmoniously, the faculties of the pupil's mind? Many are inclined to think not. Their impression is that the successful management of a school or college is rather a haphazard affair; that a good teacher is a rare and fortunate, but inexplicable, phenomenon; that success comes more from knack than any thing else. What we often hear is that he or she "has a wonderful knack at interesting his or her scholars, and getting them to learn."

Now, if this be the true state of the case, then teaching is not an art. We who claim that it is one, must be able to tell how the thing is done. There must be uniform method.

And I affirm that we can tell, and that there is such method. And we maintain this by referring, as in the physical arts, to the *science* of teaching; by examining the materials on which we are to work, and the agents, forces, and influences to be employed. If we find these to be uniform, the point is gained.

In this inquiry we shall be assisted by noticing, at the outset, an obvious distinction in the methods of the different departments of mechanical and professional skill.

1. Some deal only with inert, passive materials. The materials lie in your hand or on your bench, and you can do any thing you choose with them. You can cut and carve at your pleasure. They oppose nothing to your operations; they contribute nothing. They neither help nor hinder. This is the lowest form of art, and these branches of it we call *trades*. They give exercise, however, to much taste and skill.

2. Another class depends largely on mechanical or chemical *forces*. They deal not only with substances, but with powers. Such are the telegraphic and photographic arts, and the manufacture and use of steam and electric engines. Here subtle and

powerful agents are employed; agents working according to fixed conditions, which must be ascertained and complied with, or there is no success. These branches of mechanism require, in general, a finer eye, greater judgment, and more careful manipulation and adjustment. The distinguishing mark of effectiveness in this class is the subsidizing of mechanical power.

3. A third class depends for its existence on *vital* power; in which is concerned the agency of life and growth. Under this head comes agriculture, floriculture, and horticulture, where vegetable life is involved; and teaching, where mental life is involved.

Now, the method of teaching will

be most clearly illustrated by the methods employed in those arts most analogous to it; that is, in those at the foundation of which lie the principles of life and growth. By attending to these analogies we can not fail to get a clear understanding of the true mode of mental culture.

The first and most important thing to be considered is that the mind of the pupil is a living agent, and that its proper growth is the primary object of education.

Now, if a tree is dead, there is the end of it. You may put it in the finest orchard, and give it the best attention; you may enrich, prune, and protect it till doomsday; it will do no good. You give the tree nourish-

ment, but there is no life to take it up, digest, and assimilate it. You can not go behind the bark and create life. You may bruise, scarify, and peel; it is of no avail. So in the class-room. Once in a while you come across a pupil who seems to have no intellectual life. He has no idea of study, and no sort of relish for it. If he does any thing at all, it is not because he has the slightest interest in his task. Here is need of wisdom and patience. You must know when and how to simplify or vary the task so as to make it attractive. By gentle methods, by holding over such a mind the glass of kindness, and concentrating on it the warm rays of an enlightened, affec-

tionate, and patient interest, you will call the slow-sprouting germ forth; and when you see signs of spontaneous activity, your work is well begun.

But from the very first the faculties, so soon as born, must begin to grow. And things grow only by eating. Now, there is no eating that amounts to much without an appetite. There is no hearty devouring of knowledge without an appetite for knowledge. But this appetite is, normally, a part of our constitution, and in it the Creator has laid the foundation for the teacher's success. But the appetite is sometimes feeble, and then what is to be done? You must not force food upon it. That is the way to destroy what little appetite there

is. Many a lad has been nauseated by forcing food down his throat for which he had not the slightest relish. We tempt a feeble appetite by serving up some delicate morsel. So will the skillful teacher tempt the appetite of the slow pupil by pleasant anecdote and easy explanation ; by timely and patient assistance. Depend upon it, the great thing is to get up an appetite. Get the mind's digestion fairly at work. *Your* work will be easy and delightful after that. You have then only to set the table and put on the dishes. I remember going once into a planing mill. There was a mighty power at work there. The machine had a tremendous appetite for lumber. All the

man had to do was to feed it; or, rather, he had merely to place the boards before it and guide them. The machine fed itself. It had a mighty bite. This bite is what the true scholar has. He will seize and devour knowledge if it be placed rightly in his way. See what an appetite a vigorous tree has. Consider the astonishing force with which it draws up to the topmost leaf of the topmost bough nourishment from the root. This is the first, the indispensable thing in successful teaching; to get the student interested in his studies. And the only way to do this is to get him to *use his faculties.* The mind finds pleasure in its own activity. The teacher, therefore, will be careful

never to overtask that faculty whose growth he would foster. Here comes in the principle of correct classification. Pupils whose faculties are in about the same stage of development should be classed together; so that there is sound philosophy in our graded system in this respect.

The meaning of this system is that the teacher is to exercise his skill in introducing a pupil to a new study at the proper time, or so soon as he is ready for it, and not before. Different faculties are awakened at different times; perception, memory, and imagination early, the reason later, and the reflective faculty last of all. Now wait until the faculty is born before you set it to work. It is

worse than lost time ambitiously to attempt grammar or geometry, the Calculus or metaphysics too soon. From lack of discernment here, great harm is often done. Nature incubates her own capabilities. Study the period of incubation, and then nurse the offspring.

I must dwell a moment on the importance of this second direction, to make the newly-awakened faculty work. Take the logical or reasoning faculty. What is food for that? Mathematics, arithmetic, algebra, geometry. Now, that faculty must be led to do its own proper work, and not allowed, as is often done, to shirk it off upon the memory. The reason must be made to reason. The pupil

should never be taught, encouraged, or allowed to work by mere rule, without understanding the principle. In arithmetic the prime point is not how many examples the scholar can work; nor in geometry how many theorems he can repeat, but does he understand the methods of solution and proof? The question here is not merely what can you *do*, but what *are* you? The verb "to be" comes first in practical importance, as it comes first in our grammars, and is auxiliary to all verbs of action. *Are* you a good arithmetician or algebraist? You may work a mulitude of examples and not be either. If all your capital is invested in examples, carefully recorded in a blank-

book, or simply in a memorizing of the rules, it will yield you a meager interest. But invest in principles, and they will afford you a magnificent income. Rules, *then*, become your servants; otherwise they are your imperious masters. The man of rules must remember and scrupulously follow the directions of the guide who has kindly volunteered them. He must remember and take the first left-hand road till he comes to the creek; then take up the hill to the right, and on to the cross-roads; then to the left again; the second frame house on the corner is the answer. The man of principles has a compass. He knows the general direction. He has a map of the country, and can go

where he chooses. He can thread the forest; he can follow the brook up the ravine; he can follow a bee to her hive in a hollow tree; he can double the largest clearing, and yet come out right at last. He keeps his bearings and distances all along. Of all that comes within the survey of that principle he is complete master. The man of rules dare not set foot out of the prescribed path. He is blind, must be led by a string, and dare not let go lest he be lost.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

The analogy I have used of mental appetite and digestion serves very well to illustrate further the art and measure of school government. A

man ought not to be disturbed at his meals. But the mind's mouth is attention. All knowledge enters by that. To keep the attention of the scholar from hindering distractions is the object aimed at in school or college arrangements and regulations. Attention must not be unfixed nor made difficult by any thing without, as by the ill-location of the building; nor by a surplus of holiday interruptions; nor by any thing within, as by bodily discomfort, uncomfortable seats, bad ventilation, insufficient warmth or light; or by disturbance of the feelings, the indulgence of anger, resentment, hatred, or other evil or malign disposition. The teacher must not put himself into

antagonism with his pupils, but must secure their love; nor must there be mischievous interference of the pupils one with another.

Nor must the teacher allow his own mind to be distracted during the hours of instruction. And here I would say that if things go wrong, let them not chafe and fret you, nor imagine that wrong things must be rectified always on the spot. Take time out of school hours to gauge the difficulty and contrive a suitable remedy.

II. But teaching is one of the fine or liberal, as well as one of the most useful of the arts. In a strictly useful art all the products are alike; or, at least, the more nearly alike they

are, the more perfect the art is reckoned to be. One pin of the row is like all the rest. Waltham and Elgin watches are recommended on the ground that exact duplicates of each part are "kept constantly on hand," so that if you break or lose a part you can easily replace it. Not so with the productions of the poet, painter, or sculptor. The painter makes each face and each scene a separate study. He studies differences rather than resemblances. Not less does the true teacher make a separate study of the disposition, capabilities, and possibilities of each one of his pupils, and for each one has a somewhat different treatment adapted to his peculiar need.

In the mechanical or useful arts, the exact amount of labor is specified as well as the compensation. It is so much work for so much money ; the plastering so much by the square yard, the paper-hanging so much by the piece, the masonry so much by the perch, and the measurement all to the fraction. But how absurd to order and pay for a painting by the square yard or for a statue by the solid foot ! No more can the amount of earnestness and enthusiasm and ingenuity which a teacher shall put into his work, be contracted and paid for. Yet it is often attempted, and by a multitude of rigid and hampering restrictions, school committees often do all in their power to degrade

teaching to the level of a trade. Such committees would do well to recall how the penurious nobleman fared at the hands of the celebrated Hogarth, whom he persuaded, after much miserly chaffering, to paint for him a picture of the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites. Called in due time to inspect the painting, the nobleman saw to his amazement only a plain water surface. "What have you here!" he exclaimed in anger. "Just what you ordered," replied Hogarth. "Yes, but where are the Israelites?" "They are all gone over." "But where are the Egyptians?" "They are all drowned, my lord."

The artist has a marked advantage

in this, that no one can mar his work but himself. The unfinished model remains in the studio until he recommences his toil. When the teacher intermits his task, his model may be subjected to the strokes of rude and careless hands. What painter but would give up in despair were his canvas to be touched and dashed by a hundred pencils besides his own!

Yet nobler, by far, is the teacher's work than that of the artist. The material on which the artist's skill is employed is lifeless matter; the teacher fashions a living, spiritual being. The end of the former is attained by mechanical subtraction or accretion; of the latter by the development of a vital germ. The

artist strives to embody his own conception; the teacher to unfold the involved purpose of the Creator.

The artist's work stays as he leaves it at the completion of his task; or, rather, under Time's effacing touch it undergoes from that moment a slow but sure decay. The importance of each effort, therefore, is measured by its relation to his achievement at the moment of its completion. That importance is circumscribed by the limited duration of his work. The labor of the teacher ceases in its influence, never. The mind which he helps to fashion in both its being and its progress, is eternal.

III.

THE LORDSHIP OF LOVE.

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THE LORDSHIP OF LOVE.

We are born radicals. We like to go to the root of things; to get, if we can, at the one central germ from which all grows and is built up. Only the most immature minds are satisfied with mere results. It is enough for the little *Budges* to see the "wheels go wound," but your grown boy or girl wants to see the watch taken apart, and to be shown separately each jewel, pinion, wheel,

and screw. We have a painfully confused feeling at seeing a cotton mill or a power printing-press in operation, until we understand how the machinery goes together, and the principle on which it works. And the shortest and surest way of understanding what at first seems only a tangle is to see the machine in its simplest form. Ungear your steam-engine; look at it uncombined with other machinery; keep only what is indispensable; you then have an instrument of few parts, whose make and manner of working even a child can understand.

A great literary institution is, at first sight, a complicated affair. On visiting such an institution you are

shown through a multitude of places —halls, dormitories, chapels, cabinets, museums, libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums, recitation and lecture rooms. You are taken to see great old books in dead old tongues and parchment covers, meteorites and fossils, skeletons and manikins, magnetic coils and electric wheels, transits and theodolites, microscopes and telescopes, gasometers and blow-pipes. The vast and complex array confounds you; you are overwhelmed by the magnitude and variety of the things to be learned; it is a mystery to you how any man can spool so many threads of knowledge and weave them all into a consistent web; you have a suffering sense of your igno-

rance, and a colossal idea of the learning which must be represented by a university diploma. But pierce to the middle, strip the institution of these material helps which it has taken centuries, perhaps, to bring together, go back to the rude beginnings, and you find what is almost too simple for merely external description. The Emperor Charlemagne, on being told that two men, meanly clad, were crying at a street corner, "We have learning to sell," is said to have ordered the two men into his presence, and to have asked what he could do for them, and on their replying, "Sir, give us food, clothing, and scholars," to have taken under his patronage the two

teachers, one of whom afterward became the founder of the University of Pavia.

Scholars and teachers are the two essentials of every educational institution. Study and helps to study embrace it all. Two of the most famous schools of their own or of any time, the Academy and the Lyceum, had this embryo simplicity. Plato and Aristotle walked with their pupils in groves and gardens, or sat with them in the porches of villas. This one living germ draws to itself in due time buildings, libraries, apparatus, every needful appurtenance. A mind in love with and earnestly seeking knowledge is at once an epitome and a prophecy of the acad-

emy, the college, the seminary, the university.

The possession of a power is itself a pledge that a field will be given for its exercise; capacity for growth, a pledge that the means of growth will be supplied. Else, the power and the capacity would be but inconclusive and mocking fragments; the foundation of a tower which could not be finished. God does not do things after that fashion. Steam-power proves the existence of fuel without which the steam could not be generated. The tinkling lid of the boiling tea-kettle finds its echo in the click of the coal-miner's pick. God does nothing by halves. The fourth day's work of creation was

the logical sequence to that of the third. The making of grass, herbs, and trees made it sure that the sun would follow. The nobler end shall not fail for lack of the less noble means. The life is more than meat. The sunflower is more than the sun. The solar system might be studied in the violet. The acorn is a vest-pocket edition of Copernicus in brown binding and tucked cover.

The coming spring finds all growing things in attitude of eager expectation. Under the sward of meadows wakened lilies are impatient to lay off the night-dress of their homely bulbs, and to put on that unwoven beauty in the like of which even Solomon in all his glory was not

arrayed. The peach has set its germs, and the apple is in blossom. The smiling procession of the flowers, with the arbutus at its head, has begun to move. The ivy, now scarce able in the breeze to hold with its tiny fingers to the base of the tower, hides an ambitious secret in its breast, and trusts yet to pin a streamer on the very point of the pinnacle. The hillside laurel has planned to cover, with a denser foliage, the rim and sides of its granite vase. The beech is resolved to widen his green shelves, the oak to stretch a cubit farther his wide-spread arms, and the cedar to mount upward to the full stature of the forest king.

Here on the one hand are manifold

life, and capacity for growth. On the other is the sun, God's great provision for the quickening of this life, and the perfecting of this growth. And these two are but corresponding parts of one great scheme, joined together in divine, indissoluble wedlock.

Nor is this scheme of divine beneficence to be trifled or interfered with. What God has joined together let no disgusts or jealousies of the upper air put asunder. Let the life-giving rays be unimpeded in their descent. Let them be free to all the vegetable tribes; to the lowly as well as to the lofty; to the plain as well as to the beautiful; to the frail as well as to the stalwart. Let each

take from sun, soil, rain, and dew what is needful to its fullest growth, its highest life. Let cloud and fog monopolies be broken up. Let upstart vapors be dispelled. Let the sovereignty be maintained, established by God in the beginning, when He appointed the "greater light" to "rule" as well as irradiate the day, and the "lesser light" to "rule" as well as illuminate the night.

With greater emphasis is each desire and capability in *man* a prevision and pledge of provision and opportunity.

The universe is but a store-house for his needs. And the universe should be open so that God's capacities in all men and in all women

may have freest access to God's opportunities.

The attempt to crush or to starve any of the mind's native capabilities or desires argues either fraud, misguidance, imbecility, or oppression. The monastery and the convent, in the most charitable view, are monuments of weakness. The St. Antonies, St. Simons, and St. Benedicts, Abbots and Lady Superiors, monks and nuns, are princes self-discrowned. They make an "open, unconditional rupture" with desires and capabilities in themselves innocent, and sacrifice freedom and dominion to an "energetic, but mistaken, idea of self-control."

Let clean riddance be made of that

tyranny, whether of ecclesiasticism, custom, prejudice, or law, which cuts off any power of any man or of any woman on its way to provision; any capacity of man or woman on its way to opportunity; which intercepts the poor on their way to wealth, the ignorant on their way to knowledge, the erring on their way to truth.

It is a great point already gained, the taking away of so many barriers, and the opening to all of so many avenues to growth, culture, discipline, and usefulness, and especially for woman. Mrs. Montague, as quoted by Mrs. Fawcett in *Good Words*, wrote in 1773 about the education of her eldest niece: "I am glad you are going to send my eldest niece to

a boarding-school. I believe all boarding-schools are much on the same plan, so that you may place the young lady wherever there is a good air and a good dancing-master." Another favorite theory was that a woman was good mainly to work button-holes and slipper-patterns. "Between those old ideas of feebleness, prettiness, and dependence, and the perfect woman of this era, endowed with endurance, foresight, strength, and skill, there is a tremendous chasm." But what the real capacity of woman is, can be known, as Mrs. Fawcett says, only after long experience. "The notions that all men are logical and all women emotional; that women are much quicker

at coming at a conclusion, but can not tell how they arrived at it, are in process of giving way, and have completely given way in those who at Girton College and Newnham Hall (the woman's colleges in Cambridge, England) have had opportunity of comparing the powers of the young women who are students there, with the powers of the graduates of the university. These gentlemen have found that the young women differ intellectually from the young men less than had been supposed, and in a different direction. The logical faculty of the young women is much greater, their power of so-called intuitive perception is much less than had been anticipated. Some

years, however, must elapse before a really fair comparison can be made between the intellectual capacity of men and women."

I have myself the conviction that women can be trusted as safely as men to decide for themselves what spheres they can fill and what vocations it is suitable for them to follow. I do not think they are likely to make any worse mistakes than men, many of whom choose spheres and follow callings not altogether creditable to their instincts nor honorable to their manhood. The safe way for a true woman, as for a true man, is, if she finds any thing she herself thinks it proper to do, and thinks herself qualified to do, to do it.

A woman may seem to be out of her sphere for a time, simply because it is a time of transition in public sentiment. But this may be only to find her element at a higher stage; just as the boats on one of the great water-ways of New Jersey are seen for a brief interval riding on inclined planes through the air, only to take the water again at a higher level.

II. But what shall we do with our education now that we have gotten it? or rather, what shall we do with our educated selves? If the King sends you seeds of beautiful and rare flowers, you know what he expects you to do with the seeds. He expects you to grow the flowers. But he also expects that you will do something

with the flowers after they are grown: that you will place them where their beauty and fragrance can be enjoyed. A ship-owner does not leave a strong and beautiful ship to rot upon the stocks, nor does he tow it into a dry-dock, content to hang on its side a certificate that the ship is built after the most scientific pattern, and has been examined and approved by a competent inspector. He builds it for sailing. He launches it and sails it on waters where it can sail best and be of most service; whether it be lake, river, sound, or ocean; whether to coast along our own shores, or whether it be a *Morning Star* to bear glad messages to far-off islands of the sea.

The vital question reaching far be-

yond mere details and incidents of spheres and occupations is, what principle shall actuate us, whatever the sphere or employment may be? The incidents of an ocean voyage may be indefinitely varied. The question is, Is the ship headed to the right port, and are we keeping her steadily to her course? Newman Hall says that in his return voyage to England, a bevy of birds accompanied the ship; that they made frequent and sometimes wide excursions to one side and the other of the ship's course, but that they always returned and alighted on the vessel's masts or yards, and so completed the voyage with the ship. What is the one high, controlling purpose which we may continually

come back to from our daily bread-winning; from our æsthetic, scientific or literary excursions? The purpose which shall give us dominion and a certain independence over all these busy flights, and which survives them all; an aim and a purpose which find their glad and glorious accomplishment when the port is gained, and the wings are peacefully folded with the folded sails.

Such purpose is possible by virtue of our being endowed with moral affections; and by this I mean, generically, the power we have of devoting our whole selves in whatever direction we wish, to whatsoever pursuit or person. The fundamental idea in the affections is choice, and

choice in its very nature is free. This power belongs to man only.

Man only, in other words, has the power, as Hickok says, to "behave" himself; to have or hold himself to a course of his own choosing. Brutes are held to their respective courses. Man holds himself. "Thou hast put all things under his feet. Thou hast given *him* dominion."

Where shall this dominion be found? Not in the realm of mere growth or culture. The scepter we seek must be a scepter that can neither be broken nor snatched away from us. But that may seem to be free and to have dominion which is free, and has dominion only for a certain time and place. Make your

prison limits as wide as you please, it is a prison still. Sisyphus dominates the stone to the top of the hill, then the stone in its turn dominates him; it breaks away and rolls to the bottom. A ship caught in the outer circles of the maelstrom has the freedom of that water, but is for all that a captive. The helm may seem to control, but the mightier eddy controls the helm and swings the ship round and round irresistibly toward the devouring center. So all material growth reaches its maturity and then declines. It finds itself, ere long, in the grip of a remorseless vortex. The violet is free to bloom and the pine to soar. But both yield their dominion at length to overmastering

decay. No plant or tree is perennial; none lives through all years. Our bodies grow freely, but soon find themselves in fetters. Plato and Garzo (the father of Petrarch) die on their respective birthdays, each in the same bed in which he was born. In four single-line pictures, Holmes gives us the entire career of America's greatest orator and statesman :

> A home amid the mountain pines ;
> A cloister by the hill-girt plain ;
> The front of life's embattled lines ;
> A mound beside the heaving main.

The circle is complete. We end as we begin—with dust.

Nor can *science* give us the lordship we seek. For vast as are the realms she traverses, even science herself is a slave to a like inexorable

monotony. What are all her paths but circuits? Mercury revolves about the sun in eighty-seven days; Herschel in eighty-four years. Their orbits are but inner and outer walls of the same prison.

But between the moral affections and all that we find in science there is this immense difference, that whereas in science we know just what to count upon beforehand, in the realm of the affections we have no such limitation. Let a man give himself freely to any pursuit or to any person, and there is no telling at all beforehand what and how much that man, and especially that woman, will do.

There is no telling what Jonathan will do now that he has given him-

self to David so that he loves him "as his own soul." David can count with almost scientific accuracy on the flight of a projectile, and on the result when that projectile impinges on the forehead of a boastful Philistine. To his practiced eye and arm there is nothing surprising, nothing "wonderful" in that. But the love of Jonathan, that love which, overmastering envy and ambition, helps David to the throne of which Jonathan is himself the rightful heir; the love which makes Jonathan happy to say, "Thou shalt be King and I shall be next unto thee"—that is to David an unceasing marvel: "Thy love to me is wonderful, passing the love of women."

Souls do not blend according to any law of equivalents or multiple proportions. We have in chemistry not only prot-oxides and deut-oxides, but *per*-oxides, compounds containing oxygen in its largest measure of combination. But who has yet found the limit beyond which the love of a wife will not go for her husband, or of a mother for her child, or of a father for even his erring boy? The prodigal, on his way home, can rely perfectly on the old routine of seed-time and harvest bringing bread in its season to even the "servants" of his father's house. But could he have counted beforehand on that father running out to meet him while yet a great way off; the embrace, the

kiss, the robe and the ring, the shoes, and the fatted calf?

A man gives himself to his country. You can not calculate on him after that. Neither drillmaster nor paymaster can help you in your calculations. The cleverest scientist could not have written up Thermopylæ, Sempach, Bunker Hill, or Valley Forge, in advance.

A young midshipman once felt impressed that he should never rise in his profession. "My mind," he said, "was staggered with a view of the difficulties which I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. If at a moment I felt the emulation of ambition, I shrunk back as having no means in my power of reaching

the object of my wishes. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within my breast and presented my king and my country as my patrons. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence I will brave every danger.'" From that hour his despondency was changed to hope, and a radiant orb was suspended before his mind's eye, which urged him on to renown, and which has made the name of NELSON immortal.

We talk of the "liberal" professions. But thorough self-devotion makes any vocation liberal. It is not the profession that is liberal, but the

man. The physician, lawyer, minister, or teacher, may be the veriest drudge, going through the round of his professional tasks as mechanically as the mule in any other mill. And, on the other hand, the farmer at his plow, the mechanic at his bench, the merchant at his counter, the banker at his desk, may be raised high above the busy monotonies of their respective callings, for their thoughts may be all the while on those for whom they thus freely toil and plan—home and school and church and town and state and country—to help on, if by ever so little, whatever in the world is good and pure and true.

It is a high and grand prerogative we use when we thus give ourselves

to any person or pursuit with all the fervor and energy of our nature. But we must go one step higher. It is true we are to choose our own way. As every man has a memory of his own, an imagination and a reason of his own, so every man (as well as every "woman") is to have a will of his own, a mind of his own, and a way of his own. But then it makes all the difference in this world and the next, what kind of a will, what kind of a mind, and what kind of a way, it is. It has been said that "God does not give us brains and then condemn us for using them." Not for using them, certainly, but for using them wrongly. Is freedom to think, talk, feel, and act, freedom to think, feel, talk, and act

only wrongly and wickedly? God does not punish us for using the eyes which He has given us. But shall we therefore stare at the blazing mid-day sun? There are false ways of thinking, feeling, and doing, and there are right ways. And of those which are right and good, there is a highest and best. And if we would have a true and lasting, an unrestrained and an immovable dominion, we must see to it that the crown be upon the right head. We shall be subject to its annoying and ceaseless protests, if we discrown what God has made regal. And the true, lasting, unrestricted lordship is the LORDSHIP OF LOVE.

This gives us the true philosophy of life; a philosophy which found its

perfect embodiment in Him who "went about doing good," who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and whose death was an act of loving sacrifice in behalf of others. It is for this He has superlative honor, "a name which is above every name." It is for this He is to have superlative dominion, that "to him every knee shall bow." For this each recorded incident of His life and of His death is, and ever will be, most sacredly cherished. We celebrate His nativity, although we know not the date of His birth. We ransack history, sift traditions, hunt for manuscripts, interrogate coins and medals, decipher hieroglyphics, study the significance of types, pry into the meaning of proph-

ecy, inquire into the structure of parables, unfold the history and laws of language, discuss the true principles of interpretation ; we set our feet on every rood of the holy and adjacent lands—all, that we may find what may throw some light on the life and mission of Jesus. Never lived there the man concerning whose whole life and person the world feels so deep and abiding an interest; the man touching whose dress, manner, voice, and face the world would so eagerly welcome any authentic addition to its present knowledge.

The like felicity of fond, unyielding recollection belongs in its measure to all those who drink deeply of this same actively-benevolent spirit. The

names of Paul, Oberlin, Gordon Hall, Samuel J. Mills, Henry Martyn, Harriet Newell, and Mary Lyon the world will not let die. The story of their lives will enkindle love, stir compassion for the ignorant and erring, and animate holy resolve to bless and save men, until the Millennium. Not their great powers of mind; not their learning, scholarship, nor culture, but what they did in loving self-denial for the good of others, will make their names precious, and their dominion sure through all time.

And as in individual lives, so this lordship of love is the unifying, organizing power, also, in history. Looked at from the outside, history is a tale of revolutions only; the birth, growth,

and death of governments, institutions, nationalities, and civilizations; arts lost and recovered, knowledge flourishing and declining—Layard and Schleimann exhuming monuments of skill, now gazed at in stupid wonder by the descendants of those who wrought them — one religion displaced by another, to be itself supplanted in turn; the site of Solomon's temple crowned anon by the Mosque of Omar; the once Christian Church of St. Sophia surmounted for centuries by the Moslem crescent, but likely itself at no distant day to be replaced by the once more victorious cross—and so night chasing day, and day chasing night around the world, and yet the entire globe never irradiated

at once; and yet out of all these revolutions is the gradual but sure evolution of that kingdom of love which can not be moved, and which is without end.

This is a supremacy that was beyond the wisdom of the old civilizations. "The Roman world," says Pressense, "was sick, not only from the shocks it had received, but from a profound disgust of all things. Their malady was weariness of ordinary life. Satiated with all they had seen or possessed, they asked with scorn, 'Is it always to be the same?' In search of novelty they tortured nature, but could not escape monotony, and ended by plunging into the mire. Seeking the infinite in the finite, it

grasped after the impossible in real things; or extravagant refinement and false grandeur, blended with eccentricity in pleasure as in pomp."

Our own civilization is higher and more enduring only because of its deeper and more enduring basis, the revealed Word of God, the noblest regenerator of character, the true and only hope of the world. What more utterly senseless can be conceived than the clamor of those "self-sufficient, all-sufficient, insufficient" men who prate about the Bible as an antiquated book, entirely "behind the times"? Will these jeering praters tell us where we shall look for "the times" that are, as yet, quite up to the Bible; up to its

exalted standard of individual, domestic, and social virtue; of unseen and unpraised purity of feeling and desire, as well as of purity of act and speech; of strictest fidelity in the discharge of every private and public trust; of open-hearted honesty in all transactions of trade; of equal regard for another's good name and good success as for one's own; of hatred of the cowardliness of deceiving and courageous telling of the truth; of prompt and manly acknowledging of benefits which have been gladly accepted and enjoyed; of that ready compassion which neighbors even a stranger's distress; of answering sorrow for another's sorrowing, and of unenvious joy for another's rejoicing;

of outreaching good-will for the darkened and distressed of even most distant lands; of love to enemies, and forgiveness of wrongs that are confessed, repented of, and forsaken.

No. What is needed, rather, is that we go from these lofty heights of inspiration down into the greeds and dishonesties, the ambitions and resentments, the envies and cruelties, the sorrow and unrest of the "times," and bring the "times" up to the love, purity, peace, and joy of the BIBLE.

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